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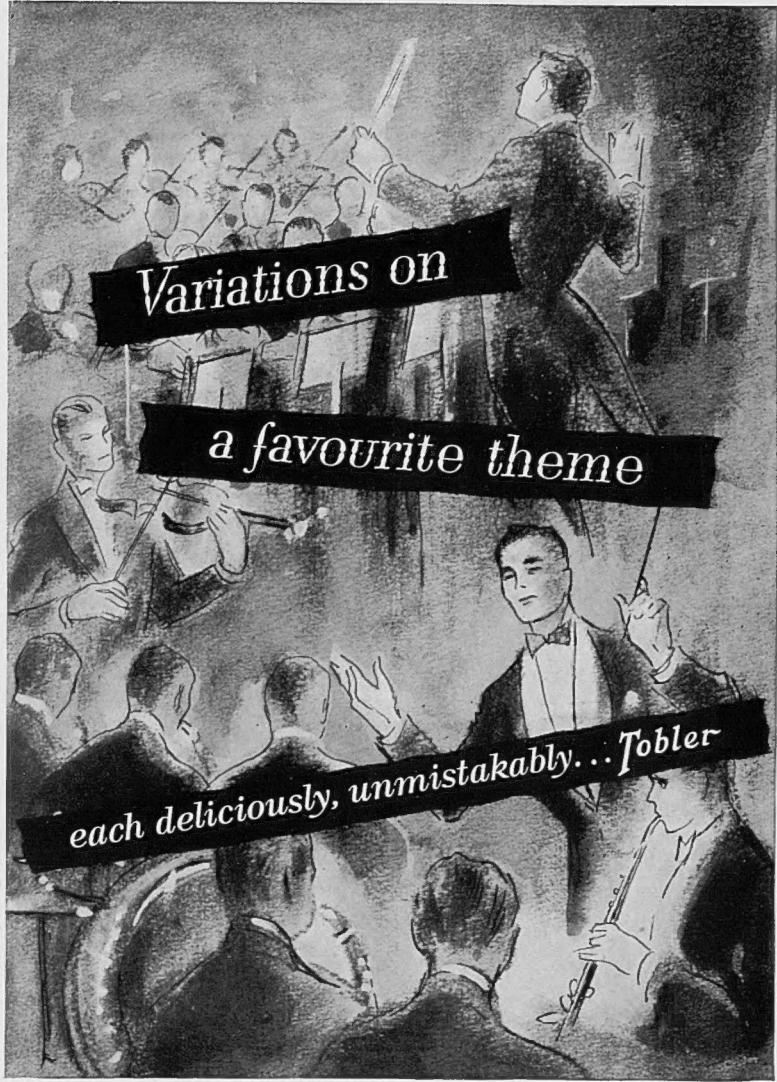
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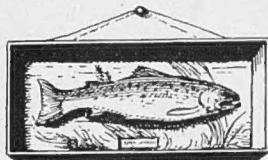
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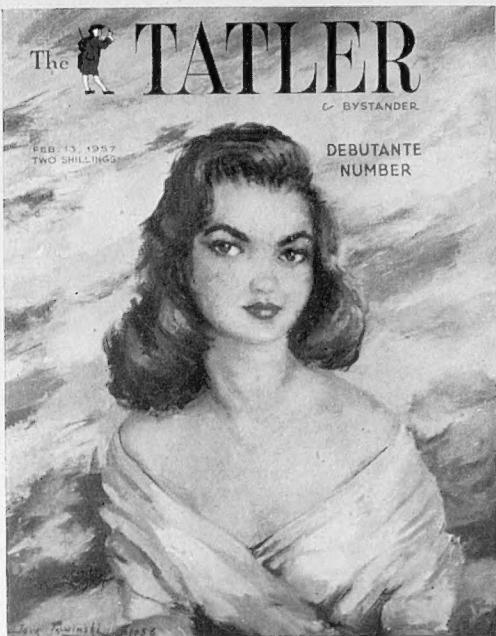
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February 18th 15/- net

MICHAEL  JOSEPH



HENRIETTA TIARKS, whose portrait by Igor Talwinski appears on the cover of this Debutante Number, is the seventeen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Tiarks. She, like her fellow debutantes appearing in this issue, is looking forward to her first season, and is to share a dance with her cousin, Miss Tania Tiarks, at the Dorchester Hotel in May. Miss Tiarks, who is interested in languages and history and is a keen horsewoman, is at present studying in Madrid

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## DIARY OF THE WEEK

From February 13 to February 20

**Feb. 13 (Wed.)** Coursing: Waterloo Cup (to 15th), Altear, Lancashire.

Exhibition of National Society of Painters, Sculptors and Engravers (to March 3, provisional date), R.I. Galleries, Piccadilly.

The Opera Ball, in aid of the English Opera Group, at the Dorchester.

Racing at Newbury.

**Feb. 14 (Thu.)** Racing at Newbury.

**Feb. 15 (Fri.)** Winter Sports: Race for Morgan Cup on the Cresta Run, St. Moritz.

Dances: House of Citizenship Hartwell Dance at the Royal Empire Society, Northumberland Avenue; Territorial Army Officers' Ball at the Grand Hotel, Bournemouth.

Racing at Lingfield Park.

**Feb. 16 (Sat.)** Association Football: England v. Wales (Amateur), Peterborough, Northants.

The Bullingdon Club's meeting near Wantage opens the point-to-point season.

Cresta Ball at the Palace Embassy, St. Moritz.

Racing at Lingfield Park, Newcastle and Stratford on Avon.

**Feb. 17 (Sun.)**

**Feb. 18 (Mon.)** The Queen and Prince Philip leave for their State Visit to Portugal (until 21st).

Squash Rackets: Women's Championships (to 23rd), Lansdowne Club.

Leather Goods Industries Fair (to 22nd), Kensington Palace Hotel.

National Nylon Fair (to 22nd), Royal Albert Hall.

Racing at Fontwell Park and Leicester.

**Feb. 19 (Tue.)** Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret attend a private dress show organized by the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers at Hamilton House, Piccadilly.

Racing at Leicester.

**Feb. 20 (Wed.)** Wild duck and grouse shooting ends.

The Winter Ball at the Dorchester.

Racing at Worcester.



## What a wonderful holiday we've had . . .

All good things come to an end, and here we are homeward bound. But what a host of wonderful experiences and adventures we've enjoyed. Naturally we went to the game reserves . . . everybody does. You tour around in a car and see all manner of wild animals, including the lordly lion. Our cameras were kept busy all the time and we got some amazing shots.

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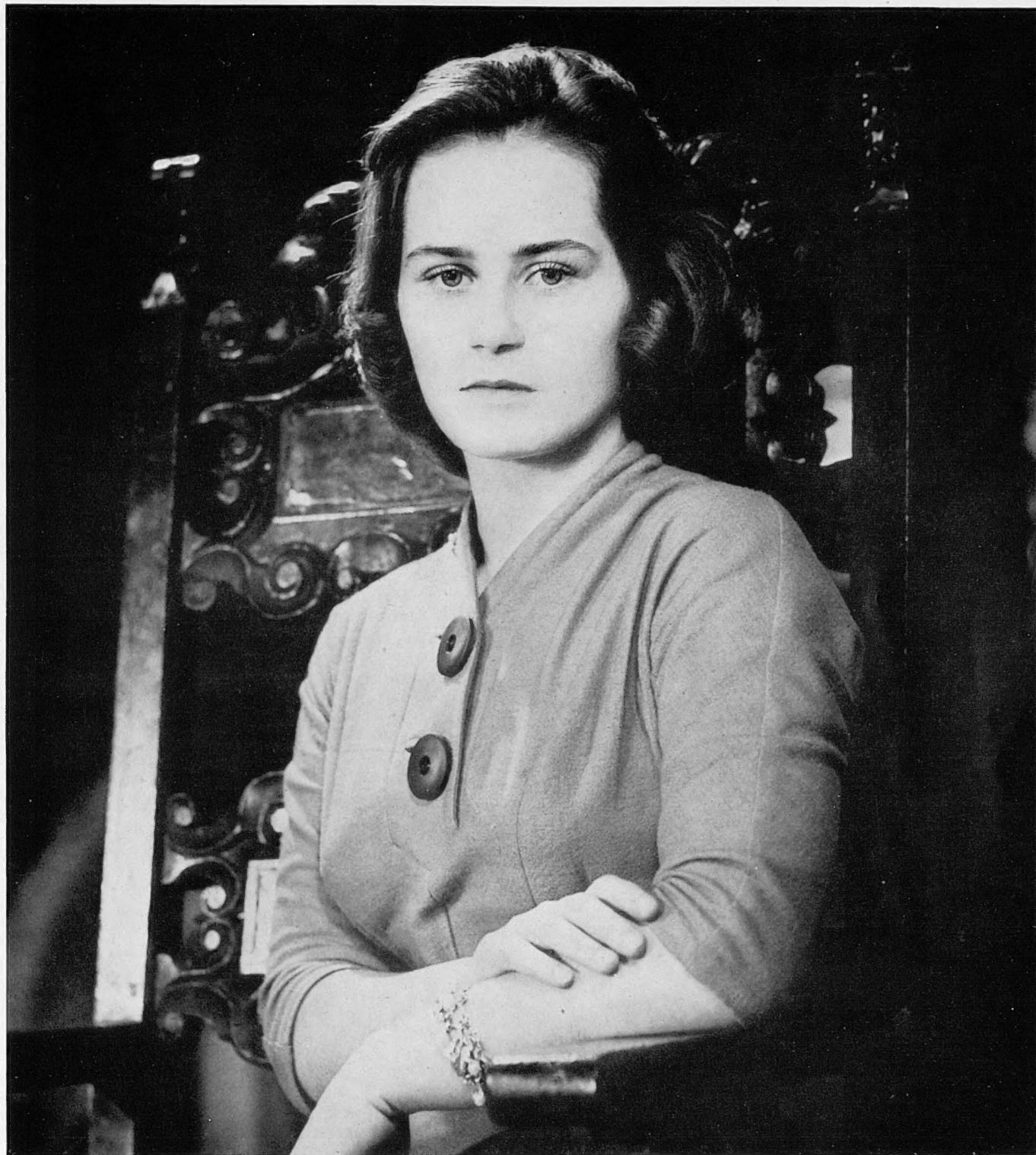


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GA-F



Robin Adler

## Lady Daphne is to make her début

LADY DAPHNE CADOGAN is the second daughter of Earl and Countess Cadogan; her brother, Viscount Chelsea, comes of age next year. She will share her coming out dance in July with her cousin, Miss Lorna Lyle. Earl and Countess

Cadogan have a house in Cadogan Square where they will be entertaining for their daughter during the season. Lady Daphne, who skis well and recently won a slalom race in Switzerland, is a talented musician, studying jazz and the classics



Robin Adler

## The charming daughter of an ancient Scottish family

MISS SUSAN DOUGLAS, seventeen-year-old daughter of Lord and Lady Cecil Douglas, is making her début this year. She is sharing a dance with Miss Patricia Rawlings, daughter of Mrs. Louis Rawlings, which will be held at Claridge's in May. Miss Douglas's father is uncle to the present marquess. He and Lady Cecil Douglas have a house in Lennox Gardens where they will be entertaining for their daughter during the London season. The Douglas family dates from 1384

Jennifer

# A VINTAGE SEASON FOR THE DEBUTANTES

THE London season, with short breaks for Easter and Whitsun, really begins for 1957 débutantes the first week in April. (It officially opens with the Private View of the Royal Academy on May 3.) The big events of that week are the Royal Presentation parties at Buckingham Palace on April 3 and 4, when a great number of young girls will make their curtsies to the Queen. The first dance of the season is the previous night, preceded by a cocktail party. For the convenience of families with daughters making their début this season, I give a list of the cocktail parties and dances I have so far heard about.

First, here are the cocktail parties, all of which are being given in London:

- April 1. Mrs. Brydon Gilroy for Miss Jane Gilroy at the Hyde Park Hotel.
- April 2. Mrs. Howard Aykroyd and Mrs. Michael Oldfield for Miss Victoria Aykroyd and Miss Caroline Oldfield.
- April 3. The Hon. Mrs. John Wills for Miss Susan Wills.
- April 4. Mrs. W. W. B. Scott for Miss Maxine Scott, at the Cavalry Club.
- April 5. Mrs. John Cooper, cocktail-dance for Miss Marguerite Cooper, at 8 Lennox Gardens.
- April 9. Mrs. Tom Barty-King for her daughter Miss Jennifer Harrap.
- April 10. Mrs. Cecil Porter, cocktail-dance for her daughter Miss Victoria Porter, and for Miss Rosamund Lee, at the Hyde Park Hotel.
- April 11. Mrs. Basil Banbury for Miss Victoria Banbury at the Hyde Park Hotel. Mrs. Antony Marsham and Mrs. Norman McCaskie for Miss Jacqueline Marsham and Miss Jane McCaskie.
- April 29. Mrs. John Hall for Miss Felicity Hall.
- May 1. Mrs. W. H. E. Gott and Mrs. Douglas Brett for Miss Jennifer Gott and Miss Jane Brett.
- May 6. Mrs. Mackenzie for her daughter Miss Rosemary Platt, at 43 Chelsea Square.
- May 28. Lady Ley, Mrs. Cornwall-Legh and Mrs. Rupert Smithers, a river party for their daughters, Miss Annabel Ley, Miss Julie Cornwall-Legh and Miss Joanna Smithers.
- June 3. Lord and Lady Tredegar for her daughter Miss Bridgit Russell, at the House of Lords.

## APRIL

DANCES, as I said, begin on April 2, when Lady Ida Johnson and Mrs. Andrew Drummond Murray are giving one for their daughters Miss Sheena Johnson and Miss Gina Drummond Murray, at 8 Cadogan Gardens.

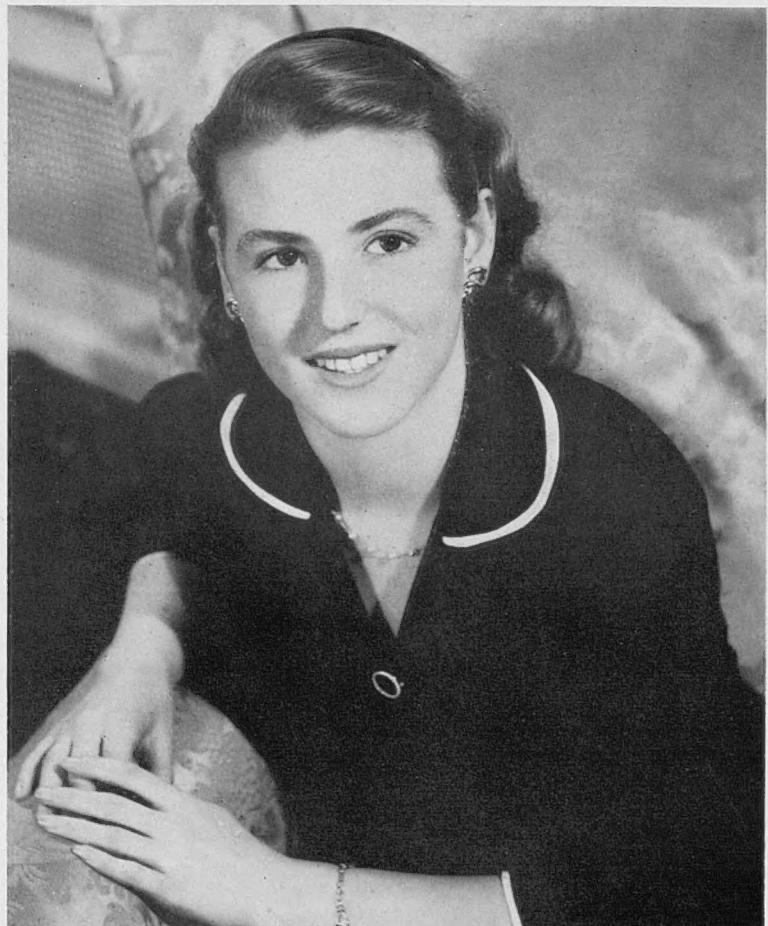
- April 3. Mrs. Robin Nunneley, dinner-dance for Miss Jennifer Nunneley, a débutante last year, Miss Phillada Nunneley, a débutante this year, and her son Mr. Charles Nunneley to celebrate his twenty-first birthday, at the Hyde Park Hotel.
- April 5. Mrs. John Cooper, Mrs. Peter Clarke and Mrs. Victor Canning, small dance for Miss Margaret Cooper, Miss Anne Clarke and Miss Lindel Canning, at 8 Lennox Gardens.
- April 11. Mrs. Cedric Marsden, small dance for Miss Janet Marsden, at Hurlingham Club.
- April 12. Mrs. Sydney Martineau for her granddaughters, Miss Julia and Miss Carol Martineau, Bolney House, Ennismore Gardens.
- April 23. Mrs. Fitzgerald Lombard and Mrs. Kenneth Pope, for Miss Wendy Fitzgerald Lombard and Miss Catherine Hope, at The Lodge, Lanchester.
- April 24. Lady Cecil Douglas, Mrs. Robin Gordon and Mrs. Bernstiel for Miss Susan Douglas, Miss Margaret Ann Gordon, and Miss Katrin Bernstiel, at 8 Lennox Gardens.
- April 26. Mrs. Humphrey Kitson, small dance for Miss Priscilla Kitson; Mrs. Basil Stoneham, small dance for Miss Diana Stoneham, Jevington House, Knotty Green, Bucks.
- April 30. Mrs. Warwick Daw and Mrs. Arthur Marshall for Miss Jennifer Daw and Miss Judith Marshall, at the Hyde Park Hotel.

[Continued overleaf]



Robin Adler

MISS LORNA LYLE, daughter of the Duchess of Bedford and the late Capt. Ian Lyle, shares a coming-out dance at Woburn Abbey with her cousin Lady Daphne Cadogan in July



Robin Adler

MISS SARAH BOWATER is the daughter of Sir Eric and Lady Bowater of Dene Place, West Horsley, Surrey, where she is having a dance in July. She is to be presented in April



MISS TESSA AND MISS MARINA KENNEDY, twin daughters of Mr. Geoffrey Kennedy and Mrs. Neil McLean, and granddaughters of Mme. Milica Banac, have a coming-out dance in May



LADY ELIZABETH STOPFORD, second daughter of the Earl of Courtown and Mrs. Christopher Vian, who is sharing a dance



MISS FRANCESCA ROBERTI, daughter of Count Roberti and Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, who is a debutante this year, is an excellent linguist in several languages

Robin Adier

## MAY

- May 1. Alexandra Rose Ball at Grosvenor House.
- May 2. Lady Churchill for her granddaughter, Miss Edwina Sandys at Claridge's. Mrs. Geoffrey Thwaites, Mrs. C. King, Mrs. John Latey: small joint dance for Miss Priscilla Thwaites, Miss Mary King and Miss Jill Latey, at 6 Belgrave Square.
- May 6. Mrs. Raymond Clifford-Turner for Miss Sarah Clifford-Turner, at The Cottage, 8a Hobart Place.
- May 7. Queen Charlotte's Ball. Lady Churchill the guest of honour.
- May 10. Mrs. Ollick Moore and Mrs. Richard March. Small dance for Miss Ursula Moore and Miss Clare March, at the Ladies' Carlton Club.
- May 11. Mrs. John Pryor and Miss Milne Home for Miss Philippa Pryor, at Weston Park, Hitchin, Herts.
- May 13. The Hon. Mrs. Carlisle and Mrs. Robert Ropner for their daughters Miss Christabel Carlisle and Miss Mary Hays, at Hurlingham; Lady Compton and Mrs. Ronald Leach for their daughters, Miss Clare and Miss Jane Compton and Miss Margaret Sherston-Baker, Dolphin Square Restaurant.
- May 14. The Hon. Mrs. James Philipps for Miss Daphne Philipps.
- May 15. The Hon. Mrs. I. J. Pitman and Mrs. Gerald Walker for Miss Margaret Pitman, Mr. David Pitman and Miss Margaret Anne Walker, and Mr. David Walker, at the Hyde Park Hotel.
- May 16. Mrs. Neil McLean for her twin daughters, Miss Tessa and Miss Marina Kennedy, at the Dorchester.
- May 17. The Hon. Mrs. John Grimston and the Hon. Mrs. Richard Heathcote-Amory for Miss Elizabeth Grimston and Miss Evelyn Heathcote-Amory, at Gorhambury; Lady Jane Nelson and Mrs. Raoul Millais for their daughters Miss Jennifer Nelson and Miss Karol Prior-Palmer, at Cornwell Manor, Kingham, Oxfordshire; Mrs. Trevor Hart Dyke and Mrs. Richard Kindersley, a small dance for Miss Jennifer Hart Dyke and Miss Gloria Kindersley, at 8 Lennox Gardens.
- May 20. Caledonian Ball, Grosvenor House.
- May 22. The Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior for Miss Deirdre Senior, at Claridge's.
- May 23. Lady Cecil Douglas and Mrs. Louis Rawlings for Miss Susan Douglas and Miss Patricia Rawlings, at Claridge's.
- May 24. The Hon. Lady Sachs for Miss Katherine Sachs at 6 Belgrave Square.
- May 25. Lady Rawlinson, Mrs. Bryan Case and Mrs. Ellis Thistleton-Smith, small dance for Miss Sarah Rawlinson, Miss Victoria Case and Miss Joanna Thistleton-Smith, at Heydon Hall, Norwich.
- May 27. Mrs. Whitefield, small dance for Miss Diana Whitefield, at the Hyde Park Hotel. Mrs. Alan Milne, small dance for Miss Tessa Milne, at 20 Groom Place, Belgrave Square.
- May 28. Mrs. Henry Tiarks and Lady Diana Tiarks, for Miss Henrietta Tiarks and Miss Tania Tiarks, in London.
- May 29. Mrs. Christopher Kevill-Davies for Miss Anne Kevill-Davies, at 6 Belgrave Square.
- May 30. Mrs. George Errington, Mrs. Tommy Whitaker and Mrs. Jack Hirsch for Miss Daphne Errington, Miss Susan Whitaker and Miss Joanna Hirsch, at 6 Belgrave Square; Mrs. Bernard Sunley for Miss Bella Sunley, at Claridge's.
- May 31. Mrs. Althaus for Miss Catherine Althaus, at Farnham Royal.

## JUNE

- June 3. Lady Moyne, small dance for her daughter, the Hon. Rosaleen Guinness, in London.
- June 5. Lady Arbuthnot Lane, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Fordyce and Mrs. Eric Cuddon for Miss Susan Arbuthnot Lane, Miss Sheila Fordyce and Miss Deirdre Cuddon, at the Hyde Park Hotel.
- June 6. Mrs. Edward Barford and Mrs. Andrew Lusk for their daughters Miss Sarah Johnstone and Miss Sally Hunter, at Claridge's.
- June 7. Mrs. Robert Calvert for Miss Julia Calvert, at Leonardslee, Sussex (kindly lent by Sir Giles and Lady Loder); The Hon. Mrs. Cartwright for Miss Elizabeth Cartwright, at Aynhoe Park, Banbury.
- June 8. The Hon. Mrs. Stockdale and the Hon. Mrs. Bradshaw, for Miss Jane Stockdale and Miss Caroline Bradshaw, in Northamptonshire.
- June 11. Mrs. Michael Browne for Miss Maria Browne, in London; also Mrs. Tom Arnold for Miss Louise Arnold, at the Dorchester.
- June 13. The Countess of Mexborough for her daughter Lady Anne Savile, in London.
- June 14. Mrs. Tom Fairhurst for her daughter Miss Jennifer Cooper, at Popheleys, Radnage, Bucks.
- June 15. Mrs. Cornwall-Legh for her débutante daughter Miss Julia Cornwall-Legh, and for her son, Mr. Richard Cornwall-Legh's twenty-first birthday, at High Legh House, Knutsford, Cheshire.
- June 17. Mrs. Basil Lindsay-Fynn and Mrs. John Hall for Miss Caroline Lindsay-Fynn and Miss Felicity Ann Hall, at 16 Sussex Place.
- June 18. Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, small dance for Miss Daphne Fairbanks.
- June 19. Guards Boat Club Ball, Maidenhead.
- June 20. Mrs. A. C. Critchley for Miss Glenna Critchley, at Wentworth Country Club, Virginia Water.

**June 21.** Mrs. Robert Crompton Hutton, small dance for Miss Joneta Caroline Hutton, Harescombe Grange, Glos; Mrs. Phara Zyn for Miss Patricia and Miss Billinda Phara Zyn, St. George's Hill, Weybridge; the Cygnets Ball at Claridge's.

**June 24.** Mrs. Kirk Lawton for Miss Joan Lawton, at the Hyde Park Hotel; Christ Church Commemoration Ball at Oxford; Mrs. Fyfe Duthie for her daughter Miss Felicity Tite, in London.

**June 25.** Lady Elles for her granddaughters Miss Serena Murray and Miss Philippa du Boulay, at 23 Knightsbridge.

**June 26.** Mrs. Nigel Capel-Cure and Mrs. Hubert Barry, for Miss Virginia Capel-Cure and Miss Rosemary Barry, at the Hyde Park Hotel.

**June 27.** Mrs. Gerald Critchley and Mrs. Arthur Lockhart, for their daughters Miss Belinda Loyd and Miss Caroline Lockhart, at Claridge's.

**June 28.** Mrs. H. C. C. Batten for her daughter Miss Emma Richards, at Aldon, Yeovil, Somerset; Mrs. Maurice Smith for Miss Susie Smith, at Bidborough, Kent; Mrs. Halford for Miss Beverley Halford, at The Mill House, Broughton, Hampshire; the Hon. Mrs. C. G. Cubitt and Mrs. W. W. B. Scott for Miss Celia Cubitt and Miss Maxine Scott, at 23 Knightsbridge; Mrs. Raymond Sturge for Miss Caroline Sturge, and for the coming-of-age of her son, Mr. Anthony Sturge, Pendell House, Bletchingley.

**June 29.** Lady Faith Culme-Seymour for her daughter, Miss Gemma Nesbitt, at Rockingham Castle, Market Harborough; Lady Boothby for Miss Penelope Boothby, Fonmon Castle, Glamorgan.

## JULY

**July 1.** Denisa, Lady Newborough and Mrs. Wilfred Durose for their daughters the Hon. Juno Wynn and Miss Honor Durose, at 8 Lennox Gardens.

**July 2.** Mrs. David Lycett-Green for her daughter Miss Julia Williamson, at the Hyde Park Hotel.

**July 3.** Lady Robinson for Miss Loretta Robinson, at 24 Carlton House Terrace.

**July 4.** Lady De Ramsey for her daughters the Hon. Sarah and the Hon. Jennifer Fellowes, at Claridge's.

**July 5.** Mrs. Hugh Eaton and Mrs. Christopher Vian, for their daughters Miss Caroline Spicer, Miss Elizabeth Eaton and the Lady Elizabeth Stopford, at Enton Mill, Whitley, Surrey.

**July 6.** Mrs. H. V. Cochrane, small dance for Miss Valerie Cochrane, Avey Hill, Farnham.

**July 8.** Mr. George Ansley for Miss Jacqueline Ansley, at Claridge's.

**July 9.** Mrs. Strickland-Skailes for Miss Pamela Strickland-Skailes, at Claridge's.

**July 11.** Lady Bowater for Miss Sarah Bowater, at Dene Place, West Horsley, Surrey.

**July 12.** The Duchess of Bedford and Countess Cadogan, for their daughters Miss Lorna Lyle and Lady Daphne Cadogan, at Woburn Abbey, Bedfordshire. Eton Beagles Ball at the Dorchester.

**July 19.** Lady Helen Vivian Smith for Miss Elizabeth Vivian Smith at Aston Tirrold Manor, Didcot, Berks; Mrs. Davies-Cooke, for Miss Philippa Davies-Cooke, Gwysaney, Mold.

**July 20.** Mrs. Joe Goodhart for Miss Diana Goodhart, at Newburgh Priory, Yorkshire. (Kindly lent by Mrs. Malcolm Wombwell); Mrs. Francis Engleheart for her daughter Miss Zoë Engleheart, and for Miss Pauline Mayne, The Priory, Stoke-by-Nayland, Colchester.

**July 26.** Mrs. Malcolm Begg for Miss Fiona Begg; Mrs. Morton Fisher for Miss Rosita Fisher, at Chisenbury Priory, Enford, Wilts; the Hon. Mrs. Parkinson for Miss Jennifer Jane Parkinson, at Brainham Park, Yorkshire; Lady Lawson for débutante daughter Miss Jill Lawson and Miss Jennifer Lawson's twenty-first birthday; Mrs. Comar Wilson for Miss Jessica Wilson, Oakley Manor, Basingstoke.

**July 27.** Lady Makins and the Hon. Mrs. McNair Scott for Miss Virginia Makins and Miss Valerie McNair Scott, Sherfield Court, near Basingstoke; Mrs. Freddie Luck and Mrs. Howard Aykroyd for their daughters Miss Victoria Duff and Miss Victoria Aykroyd at Stockeld Park, Wetherby (lent by Mr. G. R. Foster); Mrs. Ronald Holbech for her granddaughter Miss Anne Holbech, and Mrs. David Nicholl for her daughter Miss Vanessa Nicholl, Farnborough Hall, Banbury.

## AUGUST

**August 10.** Mrs. J. R. Mackenzie and Mrs. George Trotter, for their daughters Miss Rosemary Platt and Miss Serena Clark Hall, at Muirhouselaw, St. Boswells.

**August 14.** Mrs. Jack Hillyard for her daughter Miss Adrian Hamilton, at Blarney Castle, Co. Cork.

**August 16.** Mrs. Brotherton and Mrs. Percy Legard for Miss Anne Brotherton and Miss Sarah Legard, at Kirkham Abbey, near Malton, Yorkshire.

**August 23.** Lady Ropner for Miss Merle Ropner, at Thorp Perrow, Bedale, Yorkshire.

**August 24.** Mrs. Michael Oldfield, small dance for Miss Caroline Oldfield, in Yorkshire.

**August 30.** Mrs. Alwyne Farquharson of Invercauld for her daughter Miss Marybelle Gordon, at Invercauld.



MISS CAROLINE SPICER, daughter of Mr. Edmund Spicer and Mrs. Hugh Eaton of Enton Mill, Surrey, is sharing a dance with Lady Elizabeth Stopford and Miss Elizabeth Eaton in July.



Robin Adler  
MISS CHARLOTTE CROY, who is to be presented this year, is the daughter of Princess Alexander Croy, of Yeoman's Row, Chelsea



MISS BELINDA LOYD, daughter of Mr. Vivian Loyd and of Mrs. Gerald Critchley, of Chester Square, S.W.1, shares a dance with Miss Caroline Lockhart in June



MISS ELIZABETH EATON,  
debutante daughter of Mr. Hugh  
Eaton and of the late Mrs. Eaton



MISS JULIA WILLIAMSON,  
daughter of Mrs. D. C. Lyett Green,  
is having a coming-out dance in July



MISS FELICITY-ANN HALL,  
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John  
Hall, is to have a dance in June

## OCTOBER

- October 1. Mrs. Richard Hanbury, Mrs. Arthur Proctor and Mrs. Donald Smith, for Miss Lucinda Hanbury, Miss Susan Proctor and Miss Carolyn Smith, in London.
- October 4. Mrs. Gavin Clark and Mrs. Alan Walker for Miss Gillian Clark and Miss Elizabeth Walker, at the Ski Club of Great Britain, Eaton Square.
- October 5. Mrs. Charles Chichester for Miss Diana Chichester, at Hall, Barnstaple, N. Devon.
- October 8. Mrs. Aked, Mrs. Jenkin Coles and Mrs. Fender for Miss Virginia Aked, Miss Sue Coles and Miss Anne Fender, at 6 Belgrave Square.
- October 9. Cdr. A. P. Russell and Lady Tredegar for Miss Bridgit Russell, at Claridge's.
- October 10. Mrs. Donald Maclean for Miss Fiona Maclean, in London.

## NOVEMBER

- November 2. Mrs. William Codrington and Lady Gretton for Miss Sally Codrington and the Hon. Mary Ann Gretton, at Stapleford Park, Melton Mowbray.

★ ★ ★

SEVERAL other parents are giving dances for their daughters, but as I went to press, they had not finally fixed their dates. Among these are the Hon. Mrs. John Wills, who hopes to give a dance during the summer for Susan, who is having a cocktail party on the evening of the first Royal Presentation party. The others are planning dances in the autumn, and they include Princess Alexander Cröy for her daughter Miss Charlotte Cröy, Lady Ingleby for the Hon. Mary Rose Peake, Lady Holcroft for Miss Virginia Holcroft, Mrs. Bareau for Miss Suzanne Bareau, and Mrs. John Lade who is giving a cocktail party for her daughter, Moya Lade, in May, and a dance later in the season.

Other girls who are making their début this season, include Miss Patricia Butler, daughter of Mrs. Doyne (her father, who was in the 13/18th Hussars, was killed in the war), Miss Amber Leslie, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Jock Leslie, Miss Caroline Caird, daughter of Mrs. Hector Caird, a charming and intelligent girl who last time I met her, a year ago, was head girl at Miss Spalding's school in Queen's Gate, Miss Gail Clyde, the attractive daughter of Mrs. Rosie Clyde, Miss Susan Shafto, daughter of Countess Howe, and Lady Frances Curzon, daughter of Earl Howe, Miss Amanda Fisher, daughter of Lady Gloria Flower, and Miss Venetia Flower, whose father, Major Peter Flower, is Military Attaché at our Embassy in Greece.

ALSO the Earl and Countess of Halsbury's daughter Lady Caroline Giffard, Miss Mary Fox, daughter of Mrs. Michael Fox, Miss Jacqueline Massigli, niece of Mme. René Massigli, Miss Patricia Huth, daughter of Mrs. Harold Huth, Miss Carol McLeod, daughter of Mrs. "Jacko" McLeod, Miss Laura Nicholson, daughter of Lady Katherine Nicholson, the Hon. Carolyn Ponsonby, niece of Leolia, Duchess of Westminster, Miss Lucinda Roberts, whose sister Camilla came out two years ago—they are the daughters of Mrs. Owen Roberts—Miss Fiona Sheffield, daughter of Mrs. Reggie Sheffield, and Miss Francesca Roberti, daughter of Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft.

## THEIR FIRST SEASON

OTHER dates of interest for a 1957 débutante's diary are:

- April 29 and 30. The Berkeley Débutante Dress Show at the Berkeley.
- May 5. Opening of Polo Season, Smith's Lawn, Windsor Great Park. (Every Saturday and Sunday until first Sunday in September.)
- May 9-11. Royal Windsor Horse Show.
- May 22-24. Chelsea Flower Show (private view 21st).
- June 4. Fourth of June celebrations at Eton.
- June 5. The Derby at Epsom.
- June 5-22. The Royal Tournament at Earls Court.
- June 7. The Oaks at Epsom.
- June 11-August 13. Glyndebourne Opera Season, Glyndebourne, Sussex.
- June 13-15. Richmond Royal Horse Show.
- June 13. The Trooping The Colour, Horse Guard Parade.
- June 14. Cambridge Easter Term ends.
- June 18-21. Royal Ascot Race Week.
- June 22. Oxford Hilary Term ends.
- June 24-July 6. All England Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon.
- July 3-6. Henley Royal Regatta, Henley-on-Thames.
- July 12-13. Eton and Harrow Cricket Match at Lord's.
- July 22-27. International Horse Show at the White City.
- July 30-August 2. Goodwood Race Week.
- August 3-10. Cowes Regatta, Isle of Wight.
- August 6-10. Dublin Horse Show.
- August 18-September 7. Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Drama.
- August 20-22. York Race Week.
- September 4. Aboyne Games.
- September 5. Braemar Gathering.
- September 10-13. Doncaster Race Week (St. Leger, 11th).
- September 24. First Perth Hunt Ball.
- September 25-26. Perth Hunt Races.
- September 26. Second Perth Hunt Ball.
- September 27. Angus Ball.
- October 8. Cambridge Michaelmas Term begins.
- October 8-12. Horse of the Year Show at Harringay.
- October 13. Oxford Michaelmas Term begins.

TWO items of particular interest to parents of débutantes are as follows.

For tickets for the Caledonian Ball on May 20, apply to Sir Simon Campbell-Orde, Grosvenor House, Park Lane, W.1.

Secondly, tickets for the Berkeley Débutante Dress Show on April 29 and 30, also any information about the show, may be obtained from Mrs. Fenwick, the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.

This annual event in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. is now one of the most popular events of the débutantes' season. Again this year, the Duchess of Bedford, as President, and her sister Countess Cadogan, as Chairman, are working hard for the success of the two afternoons. They both have daughters coming out this year.



Mrs. and Mr. Ronald Quilter with Mrs. Evan Gibbs,  
the bridegroom's mother



The best man, Mr. Michael Gibbs, with Miss Jane Mander and Miss Janet Illingworth

## A GUARDS WEDDING

THE marriage took place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, of Mr. Peter Gibbs of the Coldstream Guards to Miss Jane Howell, seen, left, with page, the Hon. C. Harbord-Hammond

Miss Elizabeth Matheson and  
Mr. Gordon Simpson

Mrs. Sam Collier with her  
daughter Sally



A. V. Swaabe

Col. and Mrs. Arthur Howell, the bride's parents,  
with (centre) Gen. Sir Robert Mansergh



Mrs. W. Chippindall-Higgin  
with Mary-Rose Johnsen



Mrs. P. Johnsen, Miss C.  
Bowater and Mr. R. Tulk-Hart

# THE PERFECT WOMAN



*This beautiful sunburnt blonde is a Rosa model from Milan, who specialize in faces of classic beauty and perfection of figure, frequently using exotic colours*



*The attractive teenager (right) comes from Pierre Imans' of Paris. This firm's early work was modelled from the life in wax, and in 1900 at the Paris World Fair such a mannequin made her debut. Below, a Hinds-gaul American Greneker model. This one is made in Denmark*



**SYDNEY CARTER** in this article opens the door on the strange world of model mannequins, and examines the origins of these beautiful creatures who seem to have a secret, timeless existence of their own

HE stood at the corner of a street in Athens, arms lifted ecstatically in the air. A shattered plate glass window lay about her feet. She had little in the way of clothing to protect her from the winter air, but she never shivered. Nothing could upset her poise; not even the large bullet hole which, I calculated, must have pierced her heart.

Then there was the girl at Oxford Circus, who smiled at me every morning on my way to work. This was a bit unnerving, for she looked almost exactly like a human girl I knew: the same button nose, the same wide mouth, the same—well, almost the same—narrow waist. Ten years went by. The girl I knew got married, grew mousier. . . . But the girl in the window, whom I did not know, went on smiling just the same: in tweeds in the autumn, in furs in the winter, in a play-suit in the summer, ever changing, ever young.

I had always been fascinated by these gallant ladies; but when I saw this notice in a journal called *Display*, admiration turned to curiosity:

#### PRESENTING MISS FIBREGLASS 1957

She's the perfect woman . . . inexpensive, strong yet very light, has a smooth, non-chip finish, movable waist, removable base-plate with excellent shoes, and removable epaulettes. She can be supplied with a flexible waist and in various sizes.

The first thing I learned about display figures was that they were all Continental, or aspired to be so. "What exactly does 'Continental style' mean?" I asked the agent of an English model. "It means that a mannequin has style," he said. "Not," he added, "that the English can't do Bodies. English Bodies are getting very good. But for a good Head, you still can't beat the Continent." I saw what he meant when I called at Pierre Imans: at the London showroom, that is, for the figures are all made in Paris. Except for the wigs; for here, it seems, the British are top nation.

PIERRE IMANS' early models (say, round 1898) were modelled from the life in wax. Before this, a dressmaker's dummy had been the rule in most shop windows; or, at the most, a bust with glassy eyes supported on a tripod. It was in 1900, at the Paris World Fair, that the modern mannequin made her international début. Opulent in bust and bustle, she would often wear the features of some famous star of the stage or *demi-monde*. This is rarely done today. When in 1953 a model appeared in the windows of Dickins and Jones looking like Barbara Goalen, this was pure coincidence. Or, if you prefer, the Spirit of the Age; for girls and models wax and wane together. In the twenties bosoms seemed to disappear, in Life and Art alike; though nature gave up the attempt to copy Art when models started going abstract. This was a brief phase; for women, it has been discovered, like to imagine they look, more or less, like the model in the window. Models without faces or with eyeballs hanging on a bit of wire put too much strain on the imagination.

But they keep on coming back when appetites are jaded; and they certainly attract attention. Shock tactics of this kind had a slight revival in the thirties; and after the war, when Continental models were hard to come by, some strange liberties were taken with the female form in Regent Street.

At Siegel and Stockman (also French) I saw my first black mannequin; or, to be exact, Minimannequin, for she was not quite four feet high. Her name is "Rosebud," and she is useful in displaying fabrics to the duskier clientele in Africa. On, then, to Martin, Balham Ltd., who are agents for the Rosa models of Milan. Instead of appearing in the rosy hue of life, one or two had a skin of green or golden velvet, like Martians or Venusians in science fiction. Some stood without a wig; which only proved what Yul Brynner has already shown, namely, that baldness is no bar to charm, if worn with sufficient confidence. Confidence is something which a model never lacked. As I sat smoking a cigar,



*Close-up of a model mannequin (above) wearing a blonde nylon wig. Makers tend to type their models with a strong family resemblance. The brunette below has a live male mannequin for company. Both are Siegel and Stockman models*

surrounded by these lovely fictions, some in grave and some in sprightly attitudes, I felt like the Grand Turk in his seraglio.

Mr. Martin put a plug into a socket. There was a happy purr and one of the figures started, dreamily, to move. As we were going out we ran into an artist (French) who held a hand out: Mr. Martin took it and, to my horror, it came off. It was something new in rubber...

The French, Italians, Danes, Dutch, Germans and Czechs are busy making models. And the Americans. And, perhaps (though no one seems to know) the Japanese. I decided to see one British model if it killed me; so I turned, almost at random, into Yugin's. Here I did find British Bodies; mostly, it is true, without a head. I think I am betraying no trade secrets when I say they are less costly than the top-line Continentals. Model 1504 had proportions which were by no means undesirable. I had the curiosity to measure her: 34, 21, 33 and about four foot three in height (without a head).

LEAVING W.1, I plunged east, past fish porters and cart-horses, to Seething Lane, where Hindsgaul figures are on show. These are Danish. With them stood or squatted, in original postures, Greneker models (American) made in Copenhagen under licence. Beside the dolls, there were a few guys for a change. Male display figures look rather grimly surgical without their clothes on: all joints and sockets. Unlike women, their proportions must not be idealized, or the suits would hang like sacks. Hair, too, is a problem. Even the features of Clark Gable look a trifle sheepish in a nylon wig; so usually the hair is sculpted. There was a noble briskness about the Grenekers, as trans-atlantic as the Stars and Stripes. You can see these men are born executives. Figures made by Hindsgaul are extremely tough: you can hit them with a hammer. An elephant once stepped upon a Hindsgaul, and she did not crack.

But I was beginning to. I found myself peering at strange women in the street, classifying them as Pierre Imans or Siegel types. Miss Rosebud clipped my ticket on the Underground. I was gazing at a figure in a fur shop window when I heard the voice of an assistant. "Can I help you?" she inquired. "No," I said, "I was only interested in your models." She gave me a frightened look and quickly went away.





MR. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, K.B.E., D.S.C., and his family are the subject of this attractive "Conversation Piece," by Oliver Messel, which the artist took three years to paint. With Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks are their daughters Melissa, holding her mother's hand, Daphne, a debutante this year who is having a dance in June, and Victoria

# Roundabout

• Cyril Ray

IT ill becomes a middle-aged married man, I suppose, to be more than merely aware, and in a purely academic way, that tomorrow is the Festival of Saint Valentine. If I do receive a valentine, I shall know who sent it—or I jolly well ought to. Or know, at any rate, who should have done.

All the same, I am permitted, I suppose, to wonder how it came about that the word which used to denote each of the flesh and blood creatures—the ardent swain who sent, and the blushing, fluttering maid who opened, the home-made valentine missive—now denotes the *billet doux* itself. Laurence Whistler, in his charming book of a few years ago on *The English Festivals*, quoted Pepys, on this point, who recorded nearly three hundred years ago that "little Will Mercer" came to Mrs. Pepys's bedside "to be her Valentine, and brought her name written upon blue paper in gold letters."

There was no anonymity in those days about the sender: he brought his pretty tribute in person, and his "valentine" was the person to whom he brought it.

Nor was there any help for him from the factories: Valentine letters were home-made from the Middle Ages until the Regency, and even then—as Mr. Whistler observed—"the made-up Valentine was in truth a confession of failure, like the made-up tie."

MENTION of made-up ties reminds me that I was in my shrimakers the other day (not that he would sell any such thing: I was buying nothing more prodigal than a pair of socks), and saw a foreign customer—a tall, good-looking man of forty or so who might, perhaps, have been a Swiss—having

wrapped up for him a large parcel which included, among socks and braces and haberdashery of almost every kind, a Guards tie, a Balliol tie, a Royal Air Force tie, and an Old Carthusian tie.

There are all sorts of explanations, of course. No doubt many a well-to-do young foreigner has gone to Charterhouse and Balliol (so many members of which college come from much farther away than the continent of Europe—ask any Trinity man); and it is not unknown for a warrior to have fought on foot with the Guards and in the air with the Royal Air Force. It may be, though it seems improbable, that my fellow-customer had done all those things.

I just mention the matter because it is odd, and not because I think it matters two hoots to anybody.

★ ★ ★

"PUNCTUAL, methodical, and with the reputation in the Service of an almost machine-like proficiency," is Sir Arthur Bryant's description of Lt.-Gen. Alan Brooke as he was when he commanded a corps in France in 1940, when he was almost fifty-seven. Somebody else called him as "regimental as a button-stick." So it is all the more delightful to discover in the book that Sir Arthur has based on Lord Alanbrooke's diaries (to be published by Collins on Monday) the man behind the mask.

There one finds the remote, stern, aloof figure—"a dark, unsmiling man, with an inscrutable poker face"—writing to his wife in the darkest days, about "the madness and the fallacy of war," and how he longs for "somewhere where I can bask in

the sublime happiness of the sunshine of your company." Has any elderly man of action written more charmingly to his wife?

One admires the Roman equanimity with which the man who had handed over his apparently doomed corps on the beaches of Dunkirk, under orders, "with tears streaming down his face," for he "was an extremely sensitive man to whom the horrors of war were more than usually painful," returns by train to a nursery tea at Hartley Wintney, and thirty-six hours' sleep. And I, for one, was glad to learn that the soldier who loved birds and fine books indulged both tastes at once, in 1943, by what his diary describes as "a big venture." He bought the forty-five volumes of Gould's *Birds* for just over £1,500, "but my forecast was correct and at the end of the war I sold these books for twice their cost. Meanwhile I had had wonderful value from them as an antidote to the war. Whilst looking at Gould's wonderful pictures I was able to forget everything connected with the war."

It is splendid to learn how a great soldier refreshed his spirit during burdensome days—and I cannot help a rather less admirable feeling of glee that he made a profit into the bargain.

★ ★ ★

**I**N sunnier climes than this—in the South of France, in North Africa, and in Italy, of course, itself—we tramp miles to see the majestic relics of the Roman Empire: fort and forum, theatre and aqueduct. We burden ourselves with cameras and binoculars, the expense of guides on the spot, and picture postcards home. Yet our own grey island has itself been deeply marked by the marching legions, and Roman Britain is curiously neglected by those very people—myself, I admit, among them—who have been stirred abroad by the thought of the grave senators in conference among the very stones we photograph, or been moved by the beauty of white marble pillars against the blue of the Mediterranean sea and sky.

So I was glad to see Leonard Cottrell, in his new book on *Seeing Roman Britain*, describing Hadrian's wall, undulating across the wild, lonely Northumberland landscape, as not only the most stirring of our own monuments to Roman might, but "as exciting as any Roman building in the world"—not as beautiful or as splendid as some, in more golden latitudes, but with a grim grandeur of its own.

Partly, I suppose, the feeling of grandeur arises from the knowledge that this was the very edge of Empire—that here (as I have written elsewhere, and I suppose I may quote myself) the Asturian or Gaulish legionary leaned on his throwing-spear and cursed the climate and the smallness of the wine ration, knowing

that beyond the wall was barbarism, and tribes without the law. It was the very farthest limit of a civilization of which we are still the heirs. Once you are away from the industries of the Tyne, Northumberland is a lovely, lonely county, and a particularly local inheritance from the Romans—one that they claim in those parts, anyway—is one not mentioned by Mr. Cottrell. They like to believe there that the Northumbrian pipes, smaller in size and sweeter in tone than the bagpipes of the hillmen over the Border, are the direct descendants of the Apennine bagpipes that those Roman centurions who were actually Italian-born played in that same countryside a couple of thousand years ago.

Pipers play on these same small Northumbrian pipes, (without any self-consciousness, for there has been no break in tradition, and no "quaint" revival, therefore), *Elsie Marley* or *The Lads o' North Tyne* at country dances in the fells and valleys to this day.

**B**UT then, this is a county where the past lives on—border country where the Norsemen in their horned helmets came raiding after the Romans had gone, and left Scandinavian traces in accent and dialect, and where the Scots lords, handsome in their harness, looked their last at the hills of home, (for you can see the Lammermuirs from Flodden)—looked their last, and then turned to face the leather-jerkin English, and their cruel axes.

This was the coast where Christianity came to England, on the bleak windswept island of Lindisfarne, where shotguns are still fired at island weddings, to scare away the evil spirits that are older than Christianity (at the one Holy Island wedding that I went to myself they succeeded, at any rate, in bringing down the vicar's telephone line), and where old men to this day, in pubs that never close (for there is no house-room for the law on Holy Island) are heard to murmur over their pints, "Lord, send a ship ashore!" Their grandfathers were wreckers by profession, and there is no harm, surely, in a pious little prayer.

★ ★ ★

**T**HREE is a certain sort of archness, hard to describe but painfully easy to recognize, that brings out all the barbarianism in my normally all-too-civilized breast. I saw the other day, on the wall of the car park of an oldish country pub, mullioned, leaded-paned and half-timbered to its eyebrows—the kind that has horse-brasses and warming pans all over its walls and the latest tinned, frozen, packaged and processed foods on its tables—the legend in Olde English characters: "Pray Park Prettily." I was sorely tempted to place my own car diagonally across the middle of the car-park; add a pungent postscript in contemporary script—and go and eat my tinned tomato soup and frozen peas elsewhere.

BRIGGS



by Graham



Mr. H. Campbell, Miss Angela Blackwell and Miss Jane Blackwell



Miss Elizabeth Witts sitting out with Maj.-Gen. F. V. B. Witts, who is a Commissioner of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea

## HUNT FOLLOWERS ON THE DANCE FLOOR

WHEN the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) Hunt Ball was held at the Bingham Hall, Cirencester, almost 500 guests attended. The dancing commenced early and went on until the small hours of the morning without pause

Lord Oaksey, who lives near Malmesbury, talking to Mrs. Elizabeth Jenkins



Miss Cylla Mount, Mr. Charles Smith-Bingham and Mr. John Wauchope



Miss Judy Christie, Mr. Anthony Hart and Mrs. Norman Hart

Earl Bathurst dancing with Miss Caroline Vachell

Mrs. M. Gibbs in company with Earl St. Aldwyn



Miss J. Langrin and Mr. T. Finch

Countess St. Aldwyn and Mr. H. D. Senior

Desmond O'Neill

## A BALL AT WARWICK

THE North Warwickshire Hunt held their Ball at the picturesque Shire Hall, Warwick, recently. Six hundred hunt followers and guests spent an enjoyable evening and dancing took place in the flower-decked main hall (right)

Miss Valerie Hammett, Mr. Tony Birtles,  
Mrs. Birtles and Mr. John Barrows



Miss Lindsey Inchley, Mr. Patrick Dare and  
Mrs. Ivor Portlock

Miss Georgina Lewis and  
Mr. Simon Sharp

The Hon. John Leigh and  
Miss Cecilia Jackson



Van Hallan



Mr. Paul King and Miss  
Jennifer Kitching

Miss S. Stephens, Mr. H.  
Scurfield, Miss C. Reynolds



Mr. F. D. Muntz, Mrs. Muntz  
and Mr. G. G. Alderson

Lady Leigh, Mr. L. Carver  
and Mr. T. J. Bates, M.F.H.

Mr. M. Price, Mrs. W. R. Fox, Mrs. Patrick Twist and  
Mr. W. R. Fox



## King Baudouin Receives

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS gave a reception to the Corps Diplomatique in the Palais Royale, Brussels. Above: The King with Mgr. Forni, Papal Nuncio

Left: Mme. Herbert, wife of the Canadian Ambassador talking to Sir George Labouchere, the British Ambassador

Below: King Baudouin receiving Mme. Alger, wife of the U.S. Ambassador, H.E. Martin Fuchs, and H.E. Charles P. Herbert, the Austrian and the Canadian Ambassadors



## Priscilla in Paris

# THE CIRCUS STEPS UP

IN France one often finds a certain fondness for pompous titles. They are a little overwhelming and rather boring.

When I received an invitation to visit the "Musée National des Arts et Traditions Populaires" at the Palais de Chaillot, my jaw began to stiffen, but as I continued to read my nervous yawn relaxed into a grin. "Houp-la!" I murmured. This time the National-Arts-and-Popular-Traditions stand for an exhibition of circus "props" and souvenirs collected from various sources by Georges H. Rivière, Henri Thétard, Jacques Faure and other well-known circus fans.

The exhibits occupy fifteen rooms at the Palais de Chaillot. There are various sections that cover the prestige of the circus, its history, its literature, the training of its performers and the all-one-happy-family existence of its members. Nine more rooms display souvenirs of great "bill-toppers" and famous "acts" that have appeared and made history in the sawdust ring.

Amidst the many "props" that amuse young visitors and make older hearts beat as they recognize them and remember them in use, there is a pair of boots. They have yard-long, narrow, wooden soles and on those soles a dedication is inscribed—as from one great clown to another I presume—Little Tich to Sacha Guitry.

HERE is another sumptuous title: "Le Grand Prix Littéraire de la Ville de Paris." In French this really sounds like something but in English "the grand literary prize of the town of Paris" is just a mouthful of words. In both languages, however, it represents a useful roll of crisp and rustling paper since it carries an award of 400,000 francs.

Francis Carco, of the Académie Goncourt, the famous author of so many novels and *belles lettres* dealing with Paris, is the writer who, very properly, has been honoured and rewarded with this prize.

One may consider him as the father of the modern heroes of the underworld. Possibly this is due to the fact that he was born at Nouméa, then a great French convict station where his father held a high position in the civil service. Perhaps young Carco's nannie had, amongst the convicts, a special kind of bogeyman with which to threaten him if he didn't "watch out." It seems, however, as if she inspired rather than frightened the child with her tales of the bad, "wide" boys. Certainly he learned, at an early age, to watch out!

FRANCIS CARCO's real name is Françoise Carcopino, but when he came to Paris he gravitated to Montmartre and soon found himself in need of a pen name. It must have been about then that he met Katherine Mansfield, to whom he lent his flat on the Quai aux Fleurs during one of her sojourns in Paris. He was also a great friend of Colette's. A snapshot of Carco taken in those days shows a sturdy, dark-haired lad who shared with Maurice Chevalier the distinguishing feature of an Habsburgian lower lip. When I met him recently his hair was still thick and dark and the lip was still as pronounced, but the Francis who, so enchantingly, used to sing "le Doux Caboulot" up at the Lapin Agile on Montmartre, had become Monsieur Carco of the Académie Goncourt, happily married to a very charming lady.

Marcel Achard's new play *Patate* at the Théâtre St. Georges is delighting Paris. For anyone who loves the theatre as I do there is a marvellous thrill in the sound of wholehearted applause. The evening had been passed in breathless attention alternating with chuckles and bursts of merriment. Nobody had a cold, nobody rustled their programme, chewed caramels or played with clicking beads and bracelets.

*Patate* is a comedy of hate.

The writing is Achard at his best and, oh, the acting!

## Maladies moderne

- A line from *Patate*: "One doesn't really suffer nowadays; one just has worries!"



## PRINCESS OF THE NORTH

HER Royal Highness Princess Astrid of Norway celebrated her twenty-fifth birthday anniversary yesterday. She is one of a family of three, having an elder sister and a younger brother. Her father, Crown Prince Olaf, is heir to the throne at present occupied by Princess Astrid's grandfather, King Haakon VII. She is a great-granddaughter of King Edward VII, her grandmother, Princess Maud, having been the youngest child of that King.

## At the Theatre

# THE FRENCH PROBLEM

**Anthony Cookman**

FRENCHMEN are astonished and dismayed by the behaviour of barbarians like Shakespeare and Mr. Sean O'Casey, who put tragedy and comedy in the same play and think nothing of it. How is it possible, protests the tidy-minded Frenchman, to ask for tears and laughter in one stroke of the pen? It is possible, we reply, because we, the audience these writers are trying to please, are so made that we cannot think about life for long without beginning to feel about it, and so old is our muddled habit of mind that we can quite easily do both things simultaneously. It is our turn now to be mildly confused by a Frenchman unexpectedly switching from plane to plane.

M. Armand Salacrou's *Histoire De Rire*, brought to the Arts Theatre as *No Laughing Matter*, appears at first sight a gay farce about adultery, something so familiar that it is hardly necessary to describe the plot. A complacent husband who broadmindedly encourages his friend to run away with another man's wife is shot all to pieces when he learns that his own wife has gone off with a lover, as bold as you please.

And the friend is deeply mortified when he finds out that while he was seducing the other man's wife she was betraying him with her own husband. This is Gallic farce, and we get ready to enjoy it with the proper emotional detachment. We gradually become aware that it is not at all what we understand by Gallic farce. M. Salacrou is asking us to laugh and to feel moral earnestness in one stroke of the pen. We do laugh a great deal that romantic runaways should find adultery just as boring as matrimony, but even while we laugh we



**"NO LAUGHING MATTER"**  
(The Arts Theatre Club). This is the old French foursome on love. Above, Lancelot (Alec McCowen), a callow lover, with the more experienced Addy (Brenda Bruce). Below, Addy's husband (Peter Wyngarde) broods, while the others discuss matters; Gilles (Anthony Ireland) encourages Jean-Louis (Paul Daneman) in his philandering, knowing that his wife (Faith Brook) will tire of her new love

cannot help noticing that the dramatist himself is moved. It would be too much to say that he is moved by religious feeling, but certainly he is feeling a wistful regret that religion should have lost its restraining holds on society.

M. Salacrou's argument is that there is no reason at all why wives who have ceased to believe in religion should remain faithful to husbands they have ceased to love. What is there to restrain them from going in at any time for a fresh adventure in self-dramatization and casting for the comedy a new leading man? They have nothing better in the way of moral guidance than love—"love, the least certain, the worst defined, the vaguest term in the dictionary." Of course they will soon tire of the new adventure and then they may come back to their husbands, if only to make sure that they have been missed; but the resumed relationship will have lost a precious something it may have had.

What, too, if the new leading man whom the wife has capriciously cast for her frivolous adventure be so inexperienced as to take the self-dramatizing fantasy quite seriously. Why, he may even shoot himself. And it is the crack of a suicide's revolver shot that ends this gay Gallic farce about adultery. There is no denying that we are slightly taken aback that the author of this farcical morality should be not a Russian but a tidy-minded Frenchman.

IT is produced for the Arts by Mr. Peter Wood, and very well produced, too, with one important reservation. He has not, I think, taken sufficiently into account that intellectual farce, twisting and turning as rapidly as the supple argument twists and turns, requires as little as possible illustration in the way of acting business. There is a great deal too much movement in Mr. Wood's handling of the players, and their restlessness spoils the effect of some of M. Salacrou's best points.

Chief sufferer in this respect is Mr. Anthony Ireland. His is the key part. He is that traditionally ridiculous figure, the deceived husband, but he alone has accepted the breakdown of morality and understands how to use it to his own advantage. There is nothing romantic about him; he is twenty years older than the wife who has deserted him, he is not professionally glamorous, being a cement contractor, but he knows his wife better than the man who has borrowed her, he knows that she will come back to him eventually and he knows how subtly to undermine the temporary lover's confidence in her. His intervention is devastating in its effect, and it would seem all the more devastating if Mr. Ireland were allowed to hurl his bombshells from a stationary stance. But he is kept perpetually on the move, and his otherwise excellent performance loses thereby some of its importance. There is a first-rate comic sketch by Mr. Alec McCowen of the callow lover whose callowness is his tragic undoing. Mr. Peter Wyngarde, Gallic and volatile, and Miss Faith Brook, with the fading grace of a semi-professional mistress, are good as one half of the quartet of lovers. Miss Brenda Bruce and Mr. Paul Daneman are less good as the other.



Drawings by  
Glan Williams



## MISS BENNETT ENCHANTS

CONSTANCE BENNETT, whose delightful and astringent presence in so many motion pictures from the *Topper* series and in Maugham's "Our Betters," has been a major factor in their box-office appeal, is at present appearing in cabaret at the *Cafe de Paris*. Whether singing straight songs or gaily parodying rock 'n' roll, she discourses a charm and talent which are as hard to resist in the flesh as on the screen

Photograph by  
Anthony Beauchamp



Mr. Steve Nelson, Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. Blum and Major R. Blum

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and  
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Col. and Mrs. P. Lort-Phillips with their children, Bronwen, Jane, Thomas and Patrick

Mrs. D. Palmer Tomkinson with her sons Charles, Christopher and Jeremy



Miss Mary Roberts in a slalom race organized by the Marden's Club

## A SKIER'S WINTER PARADISE

Mr. Sebastian Rathbone finished second in the Marden's Club slalom race





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TATLER  
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Miss Molly Ingram, Mr. Sebastian Rathbone and Miss Jane Scott-Brown  
at the Gotschnagrat restaurant

Miss Jane Scott-Brown (left) and Lady Chamier (right) officiate as Sibyl  
Millar sets off in the race for the Vereina Cup at near-by Davos

the Got. Anna Wang course

## IN THE ALPS

Many English families have enjoyed a wonderful winter sports holiday at Klosters this year, both learners and experts making the most of the many facilities of this attractive resort. Hopes for future Olympic champions are raised by the fine standard among the young British skiers. At Klosters the winter sportsman can take part in skijoring, curling, bobsledding and skeleton bobsledding, skating and ice-hockey. There is a ski-jump near-by and the famous ski-ing slopes of the Parsem are near and easily accessible.



At the PicturesElspeth Grant

# CRUSADER AGAINST THE LINOLEUM STANDARD

THE late Mr. Rudyard Kipling, writing of that elusive quality which he (yes, *he*) described as "IT," said: "Some women'd stay in a man's memory if they once walked down a street." Miss Jayne Mansfield, a bouncing blonde starring with Messrs. Tom Ewell and Edmond O'Brien in *The Girl Can't Help It*, is one of these women. Prowed like a pouter pigeon, waisted like a wasp, and with a stern as firmly rounded as a Thanksgiving Day pumpkin, she sails through this joyous comedy wiggling wonderfully and well aware, in an unmalicious sort of way, that she's making every other woman in sight seem as sexless as a roll of linoleum.

Miss Mansfield appears to regard the pop-eyed, double-take reaction of the male as a tremendous joke—and this I find both disarming and endearing: as far as I am concerned, she shall have wolf-whistles wherever she goes—and is welcome to them.

PRODUCED and directed by Mr. Frank Tashlin and written by him in collaboration with Mr. Herbert Baker, *The Girl Can't Help It* wittily and good-humouredly pokes fun at the "rock 'n' roll" addicts while giving them lashings of their favourite fare as dished up by such fanatically feted performers as (if I can bring myself to name them) The Platters, The Chuckles, Little Richard, and a gentleman who devastatingly resembles that Mr. Elvis Presley.

Miss Mansfield is the girl-friend of a rich, retired gangster, Mr. O'Brien, who is so conscious of the prestige he once enjoyed that he feels he cannot marry her until she becomes a celebrity. He hires Mr. Tom Ewell, a whimsical, wizened, whisky-swigging agent, to make a famous singer of her. Miss Mansfield protests

that she can't sing. Neither, Mr. O'Brien points out shrewdly, can half the characters whose discs sell by the million: they have reached the top by making "a new noise"—and Miss Mansfield can do the same.

SELECTING from a cellful of songs (perpetrated by Mr. O'Brien while doing time) a typically tuneless number entitled "Rock Around The Rock Pile," Mr. Ewell goes to work. Miss Mansfield reluctantly co-operates. While a group of so-called musicians maltreat their instruments and a jiggling vocalist complains that the rock pile dust is on his shoes and he's got the rock around the rock pile blues, Miss Mansfield gives an ear-splitting imitation of a prison siren in full blast. Another "new noise" is successfully launched.

The unexpected development of a musical conscience in Mr. O'Brien is one of the funniest things in a gloriously funny film—and leads to a happy ending for Miss Mansfield, who only wants a quiet domestic life, and Mr. Ewell, who enjoys home-cooking. Miss Mansfield, whose first star part in films this is, has not yet acquired an acting style of her own—but when she throws away such a line as "Nobody thinks I'm equipped for motherhood," she does it with the careless accuracy of a natural-born comédienne. I hope to see much more of her.

MR. DIRK BOGARDE, in *Ill Met By Moonlight*, essays but does not seem to me to have mastered the "throw away" technique: every time he lightly tosses out a line, he seems to draw attention to it with a tacit "Look—no hands!" which I found slightly maddening. An overdone insouciance is the chief fault of this



film—which tells the true story (as recounted by Mr. W. Stanley Moss in his book of the same title) of how Major “Paddy” Patrick Leigh-Fermor (Mr. Bogarde), assisted by Captain “Billy” Moss (Mr. David Oxley) and a horde of Cretan partisans, kidnapped General Karl Kreipe (Mr. Marius Goring), Commander-in-Chief of the German troops in Crete, and whisked him off to Cairo.

In the hands of Messrs. Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger (producing and directing), an adventure that must have been fraught with very real danger is reduced to an absolutely wizard jape—bang-on, you understand, for readers of the B.O.P., but rather disappointing for those who, alas, have outgrown that admirable publication.

The film was shot in the south of France and the mountain scenery is very fine: it is, in fact, the one dramatic thing about a picture from which all drama otherwise has mysteriously evaporated.

I UNDERSTAND that *Folies Bergères* was shot in three different versions—and one has the aggrieved feeling that the two intended for South America and Scandinavia can't possibly have been as dully decorous as the one designed for us. A single glimpse of a nude is all we're allowed—and the Censor's “A” certificate indicates how brief a glimpse that is.

The story is Hollywood old-hat: G.I. in Paris meets Folies girl, falls for girl, loses girl, becomes the rage of the town, gets girl. It couldn't be trite. Mlle Zizi Jeanmaire is adorable and vivacious in the girl role—though handicapped by some uninteresting dance routines devised by her husband, M. Roland Petit. Mr. Eddie Constantine plays the G.I. as an unappealing tough who beats up men and women impartially, wears a disagreeable expression and sings in an undistinguished voice which is not even a new noise. That he is currently the undisputed idol of *tout Paris* is a fact that has me utterly foxed.

Miss Nadia Gray gives a glittering performance as an amorous vedette, there are some shapely show-girls and one or two hilarious moments—but the film is not what we expect from M. Henri Decoin or from the *Folies Bergères*.



JAYNE MANSFIELD (above), the latest blonde sensation, stars in *The Girl Can't Help It*, with Tom Ewell

MILES MALLESON gives advice to Ian Carmichael in a courtroom scene (left) from the Boulting Brothers' new picture *Brothers-In-Law*, from the novel by Henry Cecil

THE POWELL-PRESSBURGER film of Maquis activities in Crete, *III Met By Moonlight*, stars Dirk Bogarde (right) as Major Leigh-Fermor, and Marius Goring as General Kreipe





Paul Shillabeer

MORAY MCLAREN, author of "The Highland Jaunt," has written "Lord Lovat Of The '45" (Jarrolds, 18s.), a fascinating study of that celebrated Highland peer

ALISTAIR MACLEAN, whose first novel, "H.M.S. Ulysses," sold 300,000 copies in its first edition. His new book, just published, is "The Guns Of Navarone" (Collins, 14s.)

Clayton Evans



### Book Reviews

## DREYFUS REVISITED

HERE might be a quiz question: "What case has been called 'the world's most famous miscarriage of justice'?" Too easy—or is it? Whether the *affaire* Dreyfus has been displaced from infamy by more recent martyrdoms and scandals, it would be enlightening to know. There can be no one who has not at least heard of it; for thousands it retains a magnetic interest. The publication here in England, in English, of Maurice Paleologue's **My Secret Diary Of The Dreyfus Case** (Secker & Warburg, 21s.), is, in any case, something more than a literary event.

Those who confess to not knowing what, exactly, the Dreyfus case *was*, what it involved, why it had world-wide repercussions, will find the answer here. For those who do know, here, still, is a unique document. This case convulsed France for five years, 1894-99. It more than split society to the core; it released disruptive passions throughout the country.

CAPTAIN DREYFUS, a Jewish artillery officer in the French Army, was charged with espionage—that is, with communicating military secrets—on the strength of documents, purporting to be in his handwriting, purporting to have been extracted from a wastepaper basket in the German Embassy in Paris. Summarily convicted by court martial, he was ceremonially stripped of military rank and deported as a convict to Devil's Island. He continued, however, to trouble consciences.

M. Maurice Paleologue was, in present-day parlance, a backroom boy with regard to the whole affair. Aged twenty-seven when the case broke, he held a responsible position in the Quai d'Orsay—being concerned with its necessary underside:

a secret intelligence service. It was his business, in fact, to get things done but not to appear to do them—no one could have been quicker than M. Paleologue to appreciate the diplomatic awkwardness of this Dreyfus matter. To admit that the waste-paper baskets in the German Embassy were daily sifted through by a French charlady, in secret receipt of pay for her loyal services, was delicate. (Mme. Marie Bastian, incidentally, was in activity up to 1899; when, reluctant to appear at the Rennes re-trial, she retired honourably to Marly. The War Ministry ceased pay to her in that year.)

THE European alignments of the 1890s must be noted: the Triple Alliance was in force, linking Italy, Germany and Austria; the Franco-Russian alliance was no less lively—Edward VII's Entente Cordiale having yet to come into being, Britain was unattached and a dark horse. It was one of the objectives of French diplomacy to detach Italy from her Teutonic comrades—therefore, the anxiety to see whether Dreyfus (if guilty) had also been up to something with the Italian Embassy had to be tempered by extreme caution. Decoding of telegrams sent by the Italian military attaché to Rome produced negative evidence in Dreyfus's favour. The German military attaché's repeated and positive denials of any contact whatever with Capt. Dreyfus went unheard in the clamour against the victim.

The first act of the tragic drama was over swiftly. Once publicised, the anti-Dreyfus charges were pressed in response to popular outcry. "People do not understand," notes M. Paleologue, on November 29, 1894, "why, in view of the fact that his guilt is not in doubt and the evidence against him is 'striking and shrieks to high heaven,' he has not long since been convicted. His co-religionists must obviously be working to save him, they say." Not least of the ugly forces stirred up in France was a ferocious anti-Semitism. Less visible was the smothered, protracted clash between diplomacy and the Army. In this issue (as it came fanatically to be seen) the whole of French military honour was at stake. The middle-aged, stiff, unattractive and friendless captain not only seemed to be guilty, he *had* to be.

ALTHOUGH *My Secret Diary Of The Dreyfus Case* casts a good deal of light on facts—some already known, some not till now so prominent as the author makes them—the merit of these pages is their liveliness. M. Paleologue is the ideal diarist—*was*, I should say; for this document was (by his own direction) not published until five years after his death. Short of outright heartlessness (of which one can't accuse him) no one could have got more kick out of the situation, and the dilemmas it involved for many excellent men in exalted places, than did this imp-like man of the world. He shows a gift which amounts to genius for portrait-sketching in very few words, and this is further coloured by likes or dislikes. The statesmen, soldiers, fellow-diplomats, lawyers, authors, distinguished foreigners, aristocratic zealots and secret agents who played a part in the drama have been immortalized.

Nor must one underrate the malicious funniness of M. Paleologue's pictures of social Paris, rent by the Dreyfus storm—or miss (on pages 94-5) that perfect "shot" of D'Annunzio, hostess-baited author. More than one *amour* in high circles, till then veiled, was exposed by those secret searchings, probings, de-codings—on these the diary dwells with gusto. . . . Wholly moving, however, is M. Paleologue's picture of tortured Dreyfus, returned to Rennes, for the 1899 re-trial, from Devil's Island. Of the notabilities present in court, he says: "How many ruins and wrecks there were among them! All those whom the Dreyfus case has morally killed were there: it was like a necropolis." He goes on to Dreyfus's protestation:

"Sir! I swear to you that I am innocent!"

And he fell back into his chair like an automaton, his mouth horribly contorted.

I recognized those pathetic phrases, having heard them on the sinister morning of the degradation; then they had given me the inner certainty that Dreyfus was lying. Why, now I *knew* that they were true, did they still sound so false to my ear? Why is this man incapable of putting any warmth into his words? Why in his most vigorous protestations can nothing of his soul emerge through his strangled throat? There is something incomprehensible and doomed about him, like the hero of an ancient tragedy. Looking at him, I kept repeating to myself Sophocles' exclamation of pity about Oedipus: "Unhappy! Unhappy! That is the only name I can give thee!"

—Elizabeth Bowen



MAN'S BEST FRIEND is the theme of Brian Vesey-FitzGerald's "The Domestic Dog," which is subtitled "An Introduction To Its History" (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 30s.). Above: Henrietta of Orleans with her dog



ESCAPE OVER THE HIMALAYAS: Hans Kopp, who was a fellow prisoner of Heinrich Harrer of "Seven Years In Tibet" fame, has written "Himalaya Shuttlecock" (Hutchinson, 18s.) from which these photographs are taken



## TREASURES



BOX JACKET by Swyzerli (left) in pure white double knitted wool with a skirt pleated in dark grey with white stripes; jacket approx. 14 gns.; skirt approx. 14 gns.; Harrods and Copland & Lye, Glasgow. Above: Dorville's shirt dress in string coloured shantung costs £25 15s. at Simpsons

FASHIONS by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

# TO MEET DIVERSE OCCASIONS



IDEAL for either daytime in London or for summer evening cocktails, Dorville's vee-necked, wide-skirted dress in crisp and fresh white spotted charcoal grey cotton (above) costs £7 10s. This charming dress is obtainable at Simpsons, Piccadilly



A THREE-QUARTER length knitted wool coat (above) by Garlaine in ice blue. Easy to wear and uncrushable it has gold buttons and patch pockets. In various colours, £10 15s. approx. at Kenetta, Baker St. and Knightsbridge, and Samuels of Manchester

Michel Molinare





John French

HERE are two enchanting dresses for young girls. Opposite: a short evening dress in pure silk paper satin, white and deep red chine printed, with halter neck and bouffant skirt, by Henri Gowns, 24½ gns. at Marshall and Snelgrove. Above: Julian Rose's strapless short evening dress in navy lace over white organza, swathed under the bust with a navy poult cummerbund, 36 gns. approx. at Woollards, and John Moses, Newcastle

**FLOWER THEME FOR DANCING**



FROM the Jean Radford collection designed by Norman Hartnell comes a sheer filmy nightgown (above) in star-blue nylon with a very glamorous and diaphanous floating negligee to match. They cost 8 gns, and £10 15s, respectively

## *“The first sweet sleep of night”*

FOR the younger set—a shortie in white nylon nimon (above, right) gaily spotted in red. It has a matching short dressing gown warmly but lightly quilted in nylon. By Jean Radford, the night-dress costs 94s. 6d., and the dressing gown 11 gns. All are obtainable from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street



“. . . the freshness of a dream”

DRAMATIC negligee by Swyzerli (below) in red brushed nylon has a standaway collar and dropped shoulder-line; the abundant material falls in soft folds from the high yoke, price 15½ gns. at Harrods



Michel Molinare

*The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander.*  
FEB. 13.  
1957  
298



CHOICE FOR  
THE WEEK

PLAIN AND  
CHECKED

THIS suit and coat have a classic distinction resulting from impeccable cut and fabrics. The suit is in brown and white smooth check made in showerproof West of England cloth. Slim skirted, with a lightly fitted jacket with a brown half collar, it costs 19 gns. and also comes in black and white. The almost-full-length "Crackerjack" coat is in wool and camelhair, is fashionably bulky without being heavy, costs 18 gns., and comes in other colours. Both from Aquascutum, Regent Street, Bristol and Liverpool. Helmet cloche in natural felt, costs 73s. 6d. Garbo-style hat, 79s. 11d. Both at Harvey Nichols, and Daly's, Glasgow, from Gina Davies Teen and Twenty collection





# The sparkling Season

THIS year's debutantes and their mammas are already assembling their all-important wardrobe for the coming Season. Choosing accessories can sometimes be a problem, but here are some ideas which should be attractive additions to the clothes of both the young girl and her mother — JEAN CLELAND

Italian hat box bag in black suede, trimmed with gilt metal fringe, mirrored lid, £22 19s. 6d.; Italian black suede bag, powder case in lid, £22 18s. 6d. Debenham & Freebody



Ivory and gold brocade evening bag gilt fittings by Stratton; £6 15s. from Marshall & Snelgrove



A beautiful Italian stole to cover bare shoulders, embroidery on net; £9 19s. 6d. from Harrods



Dennis Smith

Aristrian hair ornament of jewels and feathers mounted on a comb, £4 15s., matching ear-rings £2 12s. 6d., from Dickins & Jones



Black suede circular belt with paste stones, £2 5s., and black antelope belt from France, with paste stones, £4 15s. Obtainable from Dickins & Jones

A decorative white cosmetic purse, price £2 2s. with a matching case for a comb, price 12s. 6d.; both obtainable from Elizabeth Arden's salon

Above: Scroll bracelet in gilt and paste, £10 10s. and matching ear-rings, £7 17s. 6d. It comes from Harrods



IN HER ADVICE to debutantes Jean Cleland emphasizes the advantages of a light make-up. All the colour accent needed can be supplied, as this illustration shows, by a gay lipstick



Denis Smith

Beauty

Jean Cleland

## Making a first appearance

**T**RUMP card for young girls, just about to have their first season, is freshness. Make the most of this and let it be your theme song, starting with the bath. Be luxurious with the lovely soaps and bath essences that are now available. If your skin is dry and sensitive—as is so often the case with young people—choose a bath oil to scent the water. Have all your bath accessories in the same scent, so that a faint fragrance stays with you. Avoid anything too heavy, and choose one of the perfumes that go with spring. The floral ones are delightful, and you can get them in the scent of almost every flower that blooms. If you want to be a little more sophisticated there are other scents, which, though subtle, are still fresh and light.

After the bath, make it a habit to use a good deodorant. One I would recommend came out fairly recently, and is called "Check." It is made by Goya, and the reason I like it is because it is lasting, inexpensive (6s. 6d.), and, being in solid stick form—like frozen Cologne—it goes on very quickly and easily, which is a boon when you are in a hurry.

With regard to hair, I have been talking to some of the leading hairdressers, and this is what they say: choose a simple style that you can manage yourself. If you want to look different in the evening to the way you look in the day, ask your hairdresser to show you how to adapt your hair for evening wear.

**A**SK to see some of the lovely ornaments that most of them are now selling. You can get sprays of flowers and jewelled pins, and all manner of pretty things that look lovely with evening dress. Always have your hair cut by an expert, because it is important that it should be really well shaped. Unless it is excessively dry, it should be shampooed about once a week. If you can afford to have this done by a really good hairdresser, do so by all means. It is well worth the extra money, and the saving in fatigue alone is great.

If you prefer to do it at home, use a good shampoo, and choose one to suit your scalp. There are several excellent "egg" ones, and these are good for most types of hair. If, however, you suffer from too much oil, or from dandruff, then make a point

of getting something to correct these conditions. Hairdressers will always advise you as to the best shampoos to use.

With regard to your skin, the best way of keeping the texture fine and clear is by way of sensible diet (which, incidentally, keeps your figure slender, too). This simply means cutting out fried foods, going slow on sweets, substituting puddings and pastries with fruit, and having plenty of vegetables and salads.

Should you be troubled with little spots and pimples, diet such as this will help to get rid of them, but if they persist, go to one of the good salons, and let the experts treat them. Even really troublesome acne conditions can be cured nowadays, so don't despair. The odd spot can be successfully camouflaged with an excellent little stick called "Erace" made by Max Factor specially for this purpose.

**E**XTERNALLY skin care is simple, and is mainly concerned with scrupulous cleanliness. No matter how tired you may be, please do remove powder and whatever make-up there may be every night, otherwise the pores become clogged. For normal skins, the best way of cleansing, in my opinion, is with a soft liquefying cleansing cream and a good complexion soap. First smooth on the cream, and wipe off with a clean cloth or paper tissue. Then wash with soap and water. Follow at night with a little light skin food or cold cream to keep the skin soft, and repeat the cleansing again the next morning.

Make-up should be as light as possible. A good foundation to hold the powder (and please use it sparingly), and a gay lipstick. If you are very pale, you may need a touch of rouge, but only sufficient to give a faint natural-looking hint of colour to the cheeks.

I have been talking to Mrs. Olive Cato of Yardley's, and she tells me that Yardley's are running classes from now on throughout the season, to show débütantes how to make-up correctly. At the Queen Charlotte's Ball, Mrs. Cato will be in the balcony of the ballroom (as she was last year), to give each débütante a gift of Yardley preparations, after the cutting of the cake.

# THE NAME IS **crayson**

## **DELIGHT**

Full skirted barathea coat. White piqué gleams through broderie anglaise collar. Navy, black or royal.

**17 guineas**





THE CABIN CRUISERS are now deservedly popular. The Heinkel with its four speed gears cruises at 45-50 m.p.h. and its 4-stroke, 174 c.c. engine gives almost 100 m.p.g. It seats two in front and a third behind. Width, 53½ in. Cost is £398



## Motoring

*Oliver Stewart*

# THE BIGGEST SINGLE SOURCE OF TROUBLE

To see my own article as others see it—or at any rate to get a glimpse of it from that angle—was the experience I had the other day when I received a translation into French of the whole of my bleat about the shortcomings of windscreen wipers. It had been done by a motorist whose experience goes back to the early days and who was a pilot of the Bristol Aeroplane Company when aviation was very young.

Although I am familiar with many of the French technical terms used in motoring, I came across one or two in this translation that amused me. For instance, when you wish to say that a motor is "burnt out" you use, it seems, the delightful term *grillé*. But what pleased me most of all was to know that there is wide agreement in France, as well as here, on the central fact that motor-car makers ought to earmark larger sums for the development and supply of really sound wipers.

WE all know of certain British windscreen wiper firms—specialists—who try their hardest to improve this essential fitting. But we also know that they are required, when they seek standardization on a given car, to sell their product at an extremely low price. I was astonished to learn (the figure was given me in confidence after my first article on this subject had appeared) the smallness of the sum that goes to pay for the complete windscreen wiper assembly in a certain famous medium-priced car. "It can't be done," was the comment that seemed appropriate.

All efforts on the part of manufacturers to keep prices down and to squeeze the utmost work for the least pay from component and accessory makers are commendable, provided only that they do not impair an essential fitting. I fear that the

windscreen wiper has for far too long been starved of funds.

"Why not," asks one of my correspondents, "fit cars with the rotating disc style of windscreen wiper such as are to be seen on the wheelhouse windows of many motor launches?" And here is another comment: "A clear vision panel is essential and no car or lorry windscreen should be allowed without one."

IF I harp on this it is because my post shows that it holds a strong interest for many motorists. But I do not think that any sound new solution has yet arrived. The rotating disc screen wiper has been tried. It is expensive; and there is the problem of mounting it without reducing the valuable arc of vision of the driver. In most boats where such a device is used, there is a blob in the middle of the window where the bearing is mounted and I do not see how this could be eliminated.

As for the clear vision panel, here again there are objections. It means a fitting somewhere in the middle of the screen and the fitting must be substantial or else water will assuredly find its way into the car. And, after all, such a panel is solely an emergency device for use in dense fog or when there is a wiper failure. It would not be in use for any considerable mileage.

My own suggestion for dealing with the difficulty would be to extend and modify the "hoods" or peaks which are now popular as a means of giving protection from glare. They already reach a good way ahead of the windscreens and form a partial shelter for the top part of the glass. It remains only to make the hoods themselves in transparent material and to extend them still farther. The part of the screen in front of the driver's eyes would then be sheltered from the rain even in the strongest winds.

Air flow over the bonnet and screen would need to be studied, so as to arrive at the minimum extension of hood that would give certain screen shelter. But this could be quickly done in any large wind tunnel. With a transparent hood of this kind the screen would be kept clear at all times and the anti-glare effect could be ensured by using a form of purdah glass.

Questions to ministerial officials still do not elicit information on how motor sport will be affected by the fuel shortages during the coming season. There is a hopeful disposition to look upon motor sport as an integral part of the motor export effort. In some quarters it is recognized that the appeal of British cars abroad is geared to their performances in the big sporting events. Take away some of those events and you also take away a source of prestige which has undeniable sales value.

The opposition is, however, strong. It is so easy to build up prejudice against motor racing, trials and hill climbs. The appeal to the facts of the export trade therefore must be made. For dollar-earning is now sacred, and no one must do anything to hinder it.



THE B.M.W. ISETTA cruises at 50 m.p.h. Its 4-stroke engine of 245 c.c. gives 75 miles a gallon. It seats two and costs £398 17s.

# THIS MAN'S LINE IS A GANTLINE

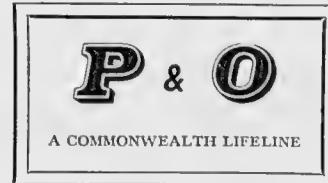


T. DOODY, Boatswain of the P & O ship, ARCADIA

Ask this man what his line is and he'll say "a gantline"—pronounced A "gantlin". Ask what he does and he'll tell you he's an exterior decorator who never lifts a paintbrush . . . a store-keeper who hasn't got a shop . . . an Englishman whose working language is Lascari Bat. Listen further and you'll learn he has a chair he never sits in . . . lifts he cannot ride in . . . pipes he doesn't smoke.

His is a world of non-stop scaling, painting and scrubbing. He lives amid a galaxy of buckets, paint, rope, wire, awnings, brushes and soda. He moves in a universe of 'bosun's chairs' (for hoisting people), gantlines (for hoisting bosun's chairs), topping lifts (for raising derricks) and hawse pipes (for steel anchor cables). Indeed he is T. Doody, Boatswain of the P & O ship ARCADIA. With his party of ten European Quartermasters and crew of 71 Asian seaman he is directly responsible to his Chief Officer for the cleanliness of the ship's exterior . . . the paintwork of the hull, masts, funnels, derricks, boats, holds and hatchways . . . the maintenance of cargo gear, rigging and awnings. On men like him depends the running of P & O ships—and P & O is a lifeline of the Commonwealth.

Operating from 122 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3, the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company links Britain and Britons with the Mediterranean, Egypt, Pakistan, India, Ceylon, Australia, Malaya and the Far East.



Photograph from 'SPAIN' by Martin Hurlimann, published by Thames and Hudson

## *Castile in* **SPAIN**

If you've dreamed of Fair Castile, of Aragon and Andalucia and Navarre, if you've ever wanted to watch a bullfight "just once," if ancient castles and cathedrals and palaces fascinate you—why, it's not just a dream, it's there for the taking! In Spain spotless hotels welcome you, courtesy is almost law, food is wonderful, nights are long and flower-scented, wine flows like water. In Spain you'll spend lavishly, yet you'll return with a Traveller's Cheque or two unharmed—and with memories beyond price.



*This year . . .  
next year . . .  
sometime . . .  
ever . . .*



## **SPAIN**

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT FOR FULL INFORMATION



Ivon de Wynter

CHARLES FERRARIS is the maître d'hôtel at the Society Restaurant—"Chez Hélène Cordet." He was born in London and educated here and in Germany. On coming of age he went into clubs, becoming maître d'hôtel at the Cabaret Club for eight years. In his previous position he was manager of La Ronde

## DINING OUT

### Zoo appetizer

IN the second chapter of a very entertaining book *The Earnest Drinker* by Oscar Mendelsohn (George Allen & Unwin Ltd., 16s.), under the heading of "What Alcohol Does To You," the question of pink elephants is under discussion and the author was informed by an eminent psychiatrist that patients never "see such large animals but only spiders and similar small beasties."

This may be true, but the Pink Elephant Society, which has hilarious annual luncheons in the Fellows' Restaurant at the London Zoo, does its best to refute this statement. At least they get as far as having a mass of pink elephants not only all over the menus, but on the glasses, with models of them on the table.

The menu this year was of particular interest because apart from the very excellent food they actually consumed—the preparation and quality of which was of the first order, and included such delicacies as kangaroo tail soup, scallops baked in cheese sauce and boned loin of Southdown lamb grilled with kidneys and mushrooms—they gave in detail possibly the most unusual menu ever produced.

It was served at Voisin's Restaurant in Paris on December 25, 1870, the ninety-ninth day of the siege of Paris, when people were really hungry and the Paris Zoo was raided to provide the dishes they included: *Tête d'âne farcie* (Stuffed Asses Head), *Consommé d'éléphant* (Elephant Soup), *Chameau rôti à l'anglaise* (Roast Camel), *Civet de Kangourou* (Jugged Kangaroo), *Côtes d'ours rôties sauce poivrade* (Roast Ribs of Bear), *Cuissot de loup sauce chevreuil* (Haunch of Wolf), *Terrine d'antilope aux truffes* (Terrine of Antelope), *Chat flanqué de rats* (Cat flanked with Rats).

The original menu is now in the Paris Museum.

A VERY excellent dinner for eight took place recently in a private room of the Connaught Hotel in Carlos Place. Although I was one of the guests I have not discovered who our host was, and I think a battle must be raging between three very eminent wine merchants: Harry Paten, whose headquarters are in Peterborough; Leslie Seyd of Brown, Gore & Welch; and Freddie Palengat of Brooks Bodle, both from the City of London.

At the end of an excellent meal Mr. Paten got up and heartily thanked Messrs. Seyd and Palengat for their hospitality, and almost immediately afterwards both these gentlemen got up and heartily thanked Mr. Paten for giving them such a fine dinner.

Anyway this was the menu: Perrier-Jouet 1949 as an aperitif: *Filet de Sole St. Germain* with *Sauce Béarnaise*, with which we drank Chevalier Montrachet 1951, Domaine bottled; *Caneton d'Aylesbury Poelé Bigarade*, *Haricots Verts frais au Beurre*, *Pommes Nouvelles*, *Persilées*, *Salade Laitue*, with Château Mouton Rothschild 1950 (Magnum, Château bottled) and Château Mouton Rothschild 1934 (Château bottled), followed by *Soufflé au Parmesan* and *Bisquit Dubouche* V.S.O.P., Benedictine and Bols Kummel with the coffee.

—I. Bickerstaff

## DINING IN

### Surprise dishes

SURPRISE dishes are pleasant, and one I think supreme is *Oeufs en Surprise*. This is a perfect main course for those who want a light meal which, while nourishing, will not put weight on them.

For a luncheon, then, why not start with avocado pears, plainly dressed with lime or lemon juice and olive oil? Add, of course, salt to taste, a few grains of cayenne pepper and, if liked, a little mustard. The dressing can be made beforehand, but the halving of the "pears" and the removal of the large stone from each should be carried out at the last minute, and the cut surface immediately brushed with lime or lemon juice to prevent the flesh darkening.

Now for the wonderful "surprise." For four servings, you will want a cheese soufflé mixture, four lightly poached eggs, and eight scampi, cooked in a tomato-butter sauce. You will also need four well-buttered individual soufflé dishes. The order of making may seem a little confusing but, if you follow it, all will be well.

First, toss the scampi in a little butter and a finely chopped peeled and deseeded tomato. Cook for a few minutes. Season to taste and keep warm. Next, make the base for the soufflé. In a pan large enough for the remaining ingredients, melt an ounce of butter. Sprinkle in an ounce of flour and cook together to the frothy stage, without colouring. Remove and stir in a quarter of a pint of milk. Return to the heat and simmer for a few minutes to ensure that the flour is cooked.

REMOVE again and stir in two ounces of grated Parmesan cheese, then beat in three egg yolks. Taste and season well with salt and a tiny pinch of cayenne pepper.

Whip three egg whites until they will hold a peak, but not long enough to lose their glossy appearance. Meanwhile, very lightly poach four eggs. Fold the egg whites into the cheese sauce. Place a spoonful of this mixture on the bottom of each prepared dish. Having lifted the poached eggs with a perforated spoon on to a cloth to drain, place one in each dish. Add the scampi. Cover with the remaining soufflé mixture, to reach about three-quarters way up each dish. Level off, then place for 15 minutes in a moderately hot oven (375 deg. Fahr. or gas mark 4 to 5).

As tomorrow is the day of Valentine, the patron saint of sweethearts, it would be meet to follow the surprise eggs with a heart-shaped sweet. I suggest a raspberry ice pudding, made this way.

Rub a tin of drained raspberries through a fine nylon sieve. Whip half a pint of double cream until the whisk leaves a definite trail when drawn through it. Into this, gradually whip in as much of the raspberry purée as the cream will absorb—that is, without any sign of the purée outbalancing the cream—then stir in approximately three tablespoons of sifted icing sugar. Turn into a heart-shaped mould and set in the cold chamber of the refrigerator to freeze.

Unmould and cover with a sauce made with the juice from the raspberries, the flavour heightened with a good raspberry syrup (or Melba sauce, which you can buy already bottled). Bring to the boil. Add a level teaspoon of arrowroot, blended with a tablespoon of water (for half a pint of raspberry liquid). It will clear at once. When cold, pour over the raspberry heart and scatter chopped blanched pistachio nuts or flaked blanched almonds on top.

—Helen Burke



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Lenare

Miss Jean Mary Simpson, who is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Simpson, of Osterley, Bramley, Surrey, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. David Corbet Randall, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. V. Randall, of Windlesham, Surrey

## ENGAGEMENTS



Bassano

Miss Brigid Paterson, younger daughter of the late Major G. F. Paterson, and Mrs. Paterson, of Little Stanbridges, Handcross, Sussex, is to marry Mr. Robert Whyte, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. James Whyte, of Kayell, Beaconsfield, Bucks, formerly of Kuala Lumpur, Malaya



Yevonde

Miss Maureen Mason, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Mason, of Ravelston, Wilderness Road, Chislehurst, Kent, is engaged to Mr. Ewart James Ivimey Powell, son of Mr. W. G. Powell and the late Mrs. Powell, Bickley, Kent



Wandy

Miss Susan Gay Martin-Jones, eldest daughter of the Rev. Basil and Mrs. Martin-Jones, of Kintbury Vicarage, Newbury, Berks, is to marry Mr. Philip Neville Awdry, younger son of Col. and Mrs. Neville Awdry, of The Paddocks, Chippenham, Wiltshire



Emlyn—Hinde. Viscount Emlyn, elder son of the Earl and Countess of Cawdor, of Cawdor Castle, Nairn, was recently married to Miss Cathryn Hinde, second daughter of Maj.-Gen. Sir Robert and Lady Hinde, late of Green Place, Stockbridge, Hampshire, at Romsey Abbey

## RECENTLY MARRIED



Lander—Brodribb. Mr. Anthony C. Lander, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Lander, of Olton, Warwickshire, was married to Miss Jane Brodribb, daughter of Cdr. F. G. Brodribb, Royal Navy, and Mrs. Brodribb, of Burnham Court, London, W.2, at the Franciscan Friary, Olton



Hadfield—Milner. Dr. James Irvine Havelock Hadfield, younger son of Prof. Geoffrey Hadfield, and of Mrs. Hadfield, of Charterhouse Square, London, married Miss Ann Pickernell Milner, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Guy Milner, of Petts Wood, Kent, at St. Bartholomew-the-Great, E.C.1



Adeane—Cole. Mr. Charles Adeane, eldest son of Mr. Robert Adeane, of Babraham, Cambridgeshire, and of Mrs. Adeane, of Victoria Square, S.W.1, married Miss Denise Cole, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas N. Cole, of Fifth Avenue, New York, and Grosvenor Square, London, W.1, at St. George's, Hanover Square



Giri—Lewenhaupt. Surgeon-Lieutenant George Giri, R.N., son of the late Mr. D. V. Giri and Mrs. Giri, of Kensington, married Miss Karin Lewenhaupt, daughter of Count Eric Lewenhaupt, of Albert Hall Mansions, S.W.7, and of the late Countess Lewenhaupt, at Holy Trinity Church, Prince Consort Road, London, S.W.7



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La Fouly-Ferret, Vercorin,  
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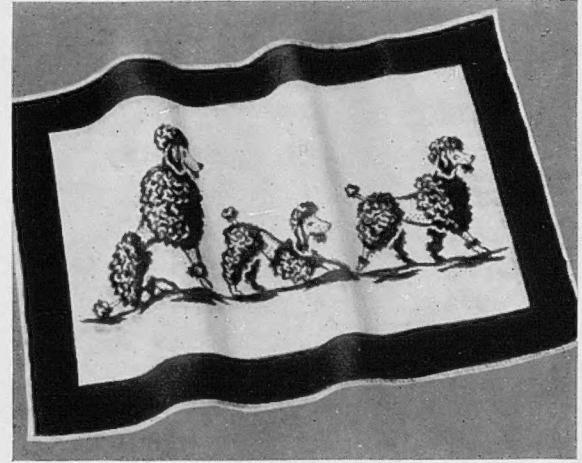
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